

# THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper*.



ELIZABETH WILSON'S TURN.

## WITHOUT INTENDING IT;

OR, JOHN TINCROFT, BACHELOR AND BENEDICT.

CHAPTER XL.—WHAT HAPPENED AT LOW BEECH FARM.

We are once more in England, and at the old Manor House. Not many changes have taken place there, save that Richard Grigson (with all besides) is two or three years older than when we first made his acquaintance. He is more than ever confirmed in

his bachelorhood; it does not lie in his way, he says, to be married. He is as keen a sportsman as ever; and, as of yore, he maintains a sufficient establishment and keeps a hospitable table, though he has not been able to persuade his good friend Tincroft to pay him another visit. We can understand very well, without having to explain in many words (though we may as well tell it in few), that John has a kind of undefined shrinking from visiting the old spot where, without intending it, he did so much that gave

so entirely a new direction to his after-life. "I'll let well enough alone," says John.

Tom Grigson has by this time left college, but his particular affairs must wait while we devote this chapter to looking up one or two other of our former acquaintances.

First and foremost is our good friend Rubric, who, becoming a trifle more infirm, as well as convinced that his "cure of souls" is over-weighty for his single strength, has taken to himself a curate, who, by some, is reckoned as much too fast as the rector was, by others, thought too slow. It is to be hoped, however, that after a little shaking up together, as they are both good men and true, the mixture of fast and slow will be found the right pace for all parties concerned.

Then there are the Wilsons (Matthew and his family) of Low Beech, and High Beech also. It falls to my lot to report of them that they are prospering in the world, apparently. Matthew is as industrious and plodding as ever; so is his wife. He pays his rent (of both farms), and also his tithe and poor-rates punctually, and without more than the regular allowance of grumbling which certain days in the year (especially tithe-paying days) always witnessed, for they were not yet commuted. The married son lives at High Beech, as has been previously intimated, and being of a prudent turn of mind, and having got his late uncle's furniture at a low valuation, he is contented with the knobby-seated parlour chairs aforementioned. He is the better satisfied with them that he rarely uses them, preferring to rest and refresh himself in the roomy kitchen of the old farmhouse.

His younger brothers work on the farm, or on one or other of the farms, and are understood to be keeping an eye (of hope and expectation) on two other of the squire's farms which report says will soon be vacant. So, "Long live the plough," say we.

It is a small trouble to the Matthew Wilsons that they never hear from Walter—never have heard from him, nor of him, except indirectly, since he went to Australia. "His spirit is that high," says the father, "that he doesn't choose to let us know what he is doing, which isn't much, I reckon, or else we should have heard his brags soon enough, I'll warrant." But for all he talks about his eldest son in this fashion, he knows, in his heart, what he does not care to acknowledge, that why Walter keeps such silence has a deeper and sadder reason, or unreason; and that the quarrel (for a quarrel there is) is traceable to much underdealing on the part of himself and his.

They never say much, if anything—these thriving Wilsons—of their niece or cousin, Sarah Tincroft. I am afraid it rather galls them to think of her being "a grand lady;" and that, in fact, their ill-nature and injustice towards her turned out to be, as they believe, the making of her. There are few sayings oftener found true than that people almost always dislike those whom they have striven without cause to injure, except, perhaps, this other saying, that a sure way to incur the lasting ill-will of some persons is to confer on them a signal benefit. I do not know how this too well known fact is to be accounted for, except by supposing that to receive a great boon with true gratitude from one whom we had always looked upon as an equal, requires a magnanimity of which few are capable. This, however, is a digression: we return to our narrative.

There is yet another reason, however, why the Wilsons are chary of speaking of Mrs. Tincroft. They dare not do this in the hearing of their daughter Elizabeth, of whom I have not yet spoken, but of whom I have somewhat to say. Poor remorse-stricken Elizabeth! Here is her little story:—

Not long after the death of her uncle Mark, and the annexation of High Beech to Low Beech by her father, Miss Elizabeth was made sensible of having, of course undesignedly and unaidingly on her part, become the object of admiration to a certain rich young farmer in the neighbouring parish. How could she help this? she wanted to know when her brothers joked her about it. And how could she prevent his leaving his own parish church every Sunday to walk three miles, through almost all weathers, to hers—being suddenly enlightened, as he said, as to the superiority of dear good Mr. Rubric's discourses? No, she couldn't prevent this, any more than she was able to prevent his offering her his arm on her return home from church, and his insisting on relieving her of the weight of her prayer-book, even before they had left the building. And this although it took Mr. Admirer another long mile out of his way.

And so the intimacy increased as weeks and even months wore on, till Elizabeth was called upon, as she thought, to yield up her heart, or what she believed to be that seat of affection, without much struggling, to the—Ah, well! we will not talk about the little blind god Cupid, which is heathenish; but without even so much as mentioning the name, you know what I mean, darling wife and daughters.

But poor Elizabeth was unwise. To be sure, it was pleasant to think of stepping from the hard work of Low Beech Farm, which now she began to despise for its smallness and meanness, into the cosy, comfortable position of a rich farmer's wife, with no occasion to do more work than she pleased, and with fine furniture and plenty of servants at her command. And, oh! who of all the fair readers of this history has not had day-dreams like this? Nevertheless, Miss Elizabeth would have been happier if she had not yielded up her fortress so readily; for Mr. Admirer had never yet taken a step that he could not retrace without fear of "damages."

And he did retrace his steps, every one of them. First the attendances at church slackened—but perhaps Mr. Rubric was getting prosy; or perhaps the new curate (for he had now made his appearance) was not to the gentleman's taste. Still, there were other days in the week besides Sunday, when he would have been welcomed to Low Beech. But he did not come. And then—but let us draw a veil over the rest; only it soon became known that the cautious Adonis (an admirer no longer) was about to be married, indeed, but not to Elizabeth Wilson. Worse even than this, the unfeeling man had the hardihood to boast of his achievement at Low Beech Farm, saying that, at last, the blushing damsel there did go in for it so strong, and was so sentimental over it, that he could not stand it any longer.

This being conveyed to the forsaken one by a dear female friend, who thought she ought to know what the perfidious man said of her, was the sharpest, deepest cut of all. She could have borne anything else, Elizabeth said; but to be called SENTIMENTAL!—she who had despised sentiment in her cousin Sarah!

One Sunday, a few weeks after this terrible blow, Miss Elizabeth opened the great family Bible, which, covered with green baize, ordinarily lay in repose on a side-table in the state-room (otherwise called the parlour) of Low Beech farmhouse, a room always smelling damp and musty, but carefully swept and garnished every seventh day, and put to use after dinner every first day (unless the roads were muddy), and on first days only. Well, one first day, or Sunday, Miss Elizabeth, happening to be curious concerning some birth, death, or marriage therein recorded, opened the family Bible to refresh her memory respecting that particular event. And then, being in a reflective mood, she turned over the leaves of the heavy volume, not to find consolation under her trial, nor instruction to her ignorance, I am sorry to say, but to forget her harassment in meditating over the wonderful engravings interspersed throughout the book. In doing this, her eye caught the word "treacherously" on the large letterpress of the page opposite one of those pretty pictures. The word tallied with the poor forlorn one's thoughts; for had she not known treachery? So she read the verse. This it was:—

"Woe to thee that spoilest, and thou wast not spoiled; and dealest treacherously, and they dealt not treacherously with thee! When thou shalt cease to spoil, thou shalt be spoiled; and when thou shalt make an end to deal treacherously, they shall deal treacherously with thee."

Now, I am grieved to say, Elizabeth Wilson was not a Bible student. But, like many others who rarely open the sacred book, she had a kind of superstitious reverence for, not unmingled with fear of, its "lively oracles." And now, without knowing or seeking to know of whom and on what occasion those ominous words were originally spoken by the prophet, she gave them, rightly enough, a general application. More than this, she believed that they had a particular application to herself, and that they now stared her in the face to taunt and condemn her.

"Oh, it is true!" she cried, hastily shutting up the book. "I did deal treacherously with poor dear Sarah, and now it is come home to me just as the Bible says. *He*" (the false and fickle one she meant) "has dealt treacherously with me to punish me for what I did to my poor cousin and my brother Walter."

We need not follow the distressed girl in her self-reproaches, which were loud and long, and were openly as well as often repeated—so often that her father and mother and brothers got tired of hearing them; the more so that they themselves did not mean to repent of their misdeeds as Elizabeth was doing. It is enough to say that since that time the heart-stricken girl has always stood up for her cousin Sarah and her brother Walter when they have been spoken about; and, indeed, often drags in their names and their virtues, and their sufferings of social and domestic martyrdom—so often that father, mother, and brothers now dread to make the slightest allusion to them, in Elizabeth's presence, at all events. Possibly they also feel some pangs of remorse, especially when they think of the absent and expatriated eldest son and brother. But remorse is not real sorrow.

This is rather a dull chapter, perhaps, but it will not have been written in vain if it should start a few serious reflections in any thoughtless mind. There

is an old saying that unmerited curses *come home to roost*. And it is quite as true of treachery, such as has been rather hinted at than described in our previous pages.

#### CHAPTER XLII.—HOW TOM GRIGSON SPED IN HIS WOOING.

AND now for Tom Grigson, and how his wooing sped. That he is married has already been told, and to the lady of his first choice, moreover. But having promised to give some account of this important matter, we must invite our readers to accompany us (and Tom) one fine day to the place called the Mumbles, which, as already intimated, had strong attractions to the younger Grigson, even in the early days of our history.

Tom had left college—had had enough of Oxford, he said. The truth is, he and Oxford did not very well agree with each other. Understand me, they never exactly fell out; that is to say, Tom had been neither rusticated nor plucked. He had passed his "Little-go" with tolerable credit. What might have happened at the "Great-go" can never be known, as Tom was too modest, say, to face the ordeal. At all events, he had brought home his cap and gown unsullied; but it would not have broken his heart to know that he should never wear gown, of any shape or texture, again.

But what was Tom to do? He had only a younger son's portion, and that was a small one. As to waiting to step into his brother's shoes, such a thought had never entered his head. He would have despised himself if it had; and, good-tempered as he was, he would have quarrelled with any one off-hand who had hinted at such a conclusion. Besides, Richard, though so many years older than himself, might outlive him for all that. Still, when the question occurred to him as to how he was to make his way in the world—and in spite of his habit of putting off disagreeable topics, the thought would come into his mind now and then—he was at a loss for a reply. He had learned "how not to do it" with great success, at Oxford. But "how to do it" was yet to be proved.

He could hunt and shoot and ride (his brother's horses, of course) to perfection, or pretty near it, it is true; but as he was not likely to be a candidate for the situation of a gamekeeper or whipper-in, or master of the hounds even, these qualifications were not likely to help him on in the world much. So Richard Grigson sometimes reflected, when he saw Tom employing himself industriously enough in these special gifts, but otherwise "taking it easy," as he said. But Richard was too fond of his brother to want to part with him, and so contented himself with hoping and trusting and half-believing in something turning up unexpectedly so as to solve the difficult problem.

How, under such circumstances, could Tom (as we must go on calling him) possibly commit the imprudence of falling seriously in love with Kate Elliston, or any other Kate? or how could that young lady for a moment seriously think of Tom as her future husband? And yet so it was. And the infatuated youth, on the fine morning of which I am thinking, rode over to the Mumbles as happy perhaps as the richest fellow in the world; for on the previous day he had made the young lady an offer, and had been accepted—conditionally.



On his way he met Mr. Elliston, the owner of that large house and estate. Mr. Elliston was also on horseback, and he saluted the young gentleman thus: "Well met, Grigson. I was going over to your brother's place expressly to have some talk with you; but as you are come so far, I'll turn back, and say my say at the Mumbles. I suppose you will like that as well, on the whole?"

"A good deal better," said Tom, lightly; and then his heart began to beat a little faster than usual, for he was not quite sure as to what Kate's father might have to say to him, looking so serious too.

Mr. Elliston was the father of the gentleman of whom mention has already been made in these memoirs, as having, according to Miss Elizabeth Wilson's version, discarded a certain Miss Summersfield for a richer prize; and it was further reported that he had been advised, if not compelled, to this course by the old gentleman, who knew as well as any one—so the gossip-mongers said—how many shillings should go to make a guinea.

Now, the condition on which Tom had been blushing accepted as a lover by the fair Kate, was that her father's consent to the arrangement were obtained. And though the young gentleman had reason to believe that he was a special favourite with the old one, he was not quite sure whether that favour would safely carry him over the bridge which still lay between him and the fulfilment of his hopes. So, between hoping and fearing, Tom rode silently alongside Mr. Elliston till they reached the stable-yard of the Mumbles, where he gave up his horse to the groom, and, on further invitation, followed the master of the great house into his study.

"So," said the old gentleman, when the door was closely shut, "I understand you have been talking to Kate."

"She has told you, then, what passed yesterday?" said Tom, eagerly.

"Of course she has. She is a good girl, and has made an open breast of it."

"And may I venture to hope, sir, that you will consent to my—to make me—to make Kate, I mean—happy?" blurted out Tom, stammering rather awkwardly. "She—that is, we—love one another very much, sir," said Tom, looking very red, I dare say.

"In other words," said the grey-headed senior, very gravely, "you propose to be my son-in-law—at some future time—and venture to hope that I see no objection to the arrangement. But suppose I do see a very serious and grave and almost insuperable objection to it, my dear Tom, what would you say then?"

Tom had no hesitation in saying and believing that the hypothetical objection being only almost, and not entirely insuperable, it might be overcome.

Mr. Elliston was not so sure of this.

"You must have seen long ago, sir," pleaded the lover, "that there were attractions at the Mumbles which I could not resist."

"You give me credit for great powers of discernment," said the old gentleman, smiling in spite of his grave countenance. "But granted that I supposed you were attracted by the pleasure and advantage of my society, for instance—I am not sure that this warrants me in approving of your—shall I call it presumption?—in aspiring to my daughter's hand. Moreover, I may have been pleased with you as a

guest, and may like you as a friend and acquaintance and welcome visitor, and yet not think you altogether a suitable match for my daughter."

"I know I am not in all respects worthy of Miss Elliston," said puzzled Tom; "and yet—"

"Let me say what I was going to say, young man," continued the elder. "And I may as well tell you at once that I have known, as well as you can tell me now, what your attraction was in coming to my house; and I have waited for some such interview as this."

"Then I may hope," said the other, "that my suit is to prosper, for I am sure, sir, you would not have permitted me to indulge expectations to disappoint them at last."

"I have waited this opportunity," continued the host, "to tell you that, much as I like you, as you are now going on you cannot marry my daughter; and that it entirely depends on yourself whether or not Kate can ever be your wife. Now, I know as well as you can tell me what your possessions and prospects are. You have no home, properly speaking; you have no profession; your independent income was not sufficient to maintain you at college—it is swallowed up now in your personal expenses; and yet you want my girl for a wife. How do you mean to support her?"

"I'll work, sir," cried Tom, frantically; "I'll work hard, sir. I'll work the skin off my bones."

"Poor Tom! Dear Grigson!" said the gentleman, more kindly than he had yet spoken, "I have no doubt you think so, but what will you work at? You cannot answer that question, so I will answer it for you. You are not fit for the law. You have no vocation, as I have often heard you say, for the church; otherwise the living of your parish, which is in your brother's gift, might eventually come to you. But you have set this aside as out of the question, and I honour you for your honesty. Now listen: I have a living in my gift; I offer it to you, and if you choose to accept it you shall marry my daughter as soon as she and you can agree on the subject. I have told Kate so, and now I tell you so. But you must either accept or refuse; and I should not wonder if you were to refuse it."

Puzzled Tom looked up into his old friend's face. "I don't understand you, sir," he said faintly, adding, with emphasis, "There is nothing that I would not do, not inconsistent with honesty and the honour of a gentleman."

"Ah, there it is! I said I thought the objection would be insuperable; for, of course, you would consider it a great sacrifice of the honour, and a great lowering of the dignity, of a gentleman to go into trade."

"Trade, Mr. Elliston?"

"Yes, trade. Look you here, Mr. Grigson, my money was made in trade. My father and my grandfather before him were in trade. In my early life I was in trade, and if you have Kate for a wife you must go into trade too. You are cut out for it; you have good common sense, a clear head, and a cool one. You have plenty of pluck, and plenty of industry, if well applied. The old firm with which I first became connected forty years ago, and a prosperous one it is still, wants an active partner. You will do as well as another, and better. If you choose to put your aristocratic notions into your pocket and go in for trade I will furnish the capital wanted, and you shall have Kate into the bargain."

Tom looked rueful enough. The Grigsons, the old country family, that might have come in with the Conqueror for anything that can be told, had never suffered the contamination of trade. They had been in the church (one of them a bishop), in the law (one of them a judge), in the army (one of them a general); but in trade, never. So Tom thought. And then he asked, falteringly,—

"Wouldn't it do if I were to go into farming, sir? My brother's largest farm, Broad Lees, eight hundred acres or more, will soon be vacant; at any rate, the lease will be out next Michaelmas; and I have had a talk with Dick about it. I should like that better than going into trade, Mr. Elliston."

"I dare say you would; and you would like to be a gentleman farmer, I have no doubt. You could hunt and shoot and ride, and make ducks and drakes of your money—that is, if you had the handling of any; and in three years you would be—well, I won't say where. But nice as you think it, I can tell you, you would never make money at that sort of work, nor even keep it; at least, that is the opinion I have formed. No, no, my dear fellow; I stick to my first offer. Take it or leave it."

"And Kate—Miss Elliston, I mean—does she ap-ap-prove of your decision, sir?"

"She submits to it, at any rate."

"I should like to consult my brother about it," said Tom, on whom the unexpected proposal had produced an extraordinary effect, not to be easily understood by any who are not intimately acquainted with the strong feeling, bordering on absolute contempt, with which certain persons—some educated, some uneducated—look down upon trade and traders. We could produce numerous examples of this extreme prejudice, but it is not needful. The reader must take for granted that it does exist, and that Tom Grigson had imbibed it. Of course he had heard, in one way or another, that Mr. Elliston had at some former time been in some kind of business (he had never troubled himself to find out in what kind of business) in London; and that, having made a large fortune by trading, he had retired to the country, and bought the estate on which he now lived. He knew, too, that Mr. Elliston had all, or most of, the tastes and feelings of a gentleman, which he rather wondered at. And let it be confessed that when he first of all became conscious of the peculiar sensation which, for want of a better word, we call *love*, towards the fair Kate, he made a strong though unsuccessful effort to overcome it, on the ground of her distant connection with what he would, in any other case, have called "the shop." And when eventually he made up his mind not to let that obstacle stand in his way, he gave himself credit, I am afraid, for wonderful magnanimity in overlooking that blot on the lady's escutcheon, and for great discernment in having arrived at the conclusion that the ex-tradesman's daughter was, after all, not unworthy of his fond admiration.

I dare say that this part of our veracious history will be looked upon by some readers as apocryphal. But it is not; and, taking our word for it that it is a true representation, it may be conceived how great a blow it was to poor Tom's self-pride to be told that he must stoop still lower than he had yet stooped, in order to possess the prize he longed for.

All these thoughts and remembrances possibly rushed through Tom's mind in a few brief moments;

and then followed his mental resolution, "After all, I can't and won't give up Kate;" adding aloud, "I should like to consult my brother about it."

"By all means speak to Mr. Richard," said the old gentleman; and there the subject was, for that time, dropped, Master Tom being quietly, though courteously enough, dismissed without seeing the young lady for whom he was expected to make such a sacrifice.

## OUR FIELD-NATURALISTS' CLUB.

### EXCURSION I.

#### IN THE PARK: WITH THE BOTANISTS.

A LONG vista of summer field-meetings with our City Naturalists' Club on the Saturday afternoons is again outstretched before us. The spring sunlight is once more inviting us to "fresh woods and pastures new," and the season of our indoor recreations seems a far-off thing of the past. But the winter life of our club has not been fruitless. It is in the longer evenings of the year that the products of our summer rambles are gradually harvested. Our last season's visits to the famous elephant-beds of the Lower Thames Valley, to the ancient yews of Surrey, to the botanists' collecting-grounds in Middlesex, and to the ponds and lakes so dear to the London microscopist, have yielded us many a pleasant evening's *conversazione*, and enriched our volume of Transactions for the year. The winter is the time, too, for our annual *soirée*, at which the trophies of our field-work are exhibited, our pleasures shared by troops of friends, and newborn naturalists recruited to our ranks. But the long indoor season is now over and gone. The vernal sun, as it starts the sap in plant and tree, is stirring the blood of many a naturalist in smoky town and populous city pent. He sees himself footing the rural highway, or

"Threading the sombre bosage of the wood."

He is close to the old heronry, or "the place where the wood-pigeons breed;" under the rooky elm, or on the breezy gorse-clad common, starting the stonechat from the golden bushes. Such are some of the rural associations which our City excursion club keeps alive in its members, and which lend a zest even to the most scientific of our Saturday afternoon meetings and rambles.

Our programme of field-meetings for the season begins to-day with an afternoon in the park. In the early spring, whilst the daylight is yet but short-lived, the dwellers in many a huge and smoky city and town must be content with the softer scenery and the more garden-like flora that the neighbouring park affords. But how much of indigenous and aboriginal Nature the parks of city or town may contain to surprise even botanists themselves will be seen in the course of our excursion to-day.

The City contingent of our London club have their rendezvous this Saturday afternoon in St. Paul's Churchyard; the time is the early-closing hour of two. We are largely recruited from the warehouses and counting-houses within a mile of the Royal Exchange. The great microscopical societies of the City, the West End, and South London are represented among us—the Old Change, the Quekett, the Croydon, the Royal Microscopical, as well as some botanical members of the Geologists' Association. The microscopist, we find, may always be counted upon in any excursion of a field-naturalists' club;

collecting-grounds of the fungologist, moss-gatherer, or entomologist are equally acceptable to his omnivorous appetite for specimens. Few of our botanists are equipped with the vasculum, for the floral season is yet but little advanced; but the microscopists carry their wonted armament for a pond-hunting expedition. Cases of bottles of various sizes, with ladles and strainers, in addition to hooked sticks and rakes, indicate their expectation of finding some aquatic game on our route.

Our excursion committee (consisting of four members elected by the club, and deputed to arrange the Saturday afternoon programme for the season) have chosen Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens for reuniting our members at the first spring meeting. Tree-studies in early spring are the delight of some of our botanists, and not less so of the photographers of the club, who declare it impossible to get a satisfactory portrait of a tree when the leaves are all out and the wind finds thousands of surfaces to play upon. There are also some geographical studies in botany in Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens. With these topics of conversation to engage us on our route, as we journey along Holborn and Oxford Street, we soon reach the north side of Hyde Park. That dense woodland of tall forest trees to the west is Kensington Gardens. What a privilege for the jaded Londoner at the end of the week to have the range of so sylvan-looking a retreat, almost within earshot of "the huge world that roars hard by"!

Kensington Gardens and Hyde Park, unlike the less historical parks of London, abound in fine old trees. It is here that the English elm may be seen in the full grandeur of its ancestral dignity. Some of the specimens are nearly two hundred years old, and more than one hundred feet in height. Let us pass the fountains at this north-west corner, and still farther invade the woodland. Here is a fine full-grown tree, with all the patrician grace of the species. Under its giant limbs we will stand and make our observations. This specimen shows the bended knee—that peculiarity of the elm—in a marked manner. The elms are considered by botanists to be a puzzling tribe of trees. Some of the thirteen varieties we have met with in these Saturday afternoon excursions have defied us to make them out. But these old patricians in Kensington Gardens are intelligible enough—at least to those who dwell in the south of England. To the Londoner they are as much the typical elm as are the widely different large-leaved wych-elms to the naturalists of the north. (That excellent pocket-companion for field-naturalists, Hooker's "British Flora," is here produced by one of our club, and the difference between the field elm—*ulmus campestris*, the London elm—and the mountain elm—*ulmus montanus*, the wych, or Scotch elm—is read aloud.)

Here is a tree lying prone on the ground, with the bole sawn in two. The annular rings, which tell of the age of the tree, can be easily counted. The varying thickness of these rings indicates a corresponding variation in the annual rainfall. We leave two of our party behind us counting the rings, and determined to test the theory by reference to a meteorological table, which will give the drought and rainfall for a series of years. A photographic companion is keeping them company, with camera adjusted to what he considers a good portrait elm.

The horse-chestnut tree in early spring offers one of

the best and most beautiful studies of tree-life. The size of its shoots enables us to see the budding and veneration of the leaves on the largest scale. Those courtly old trees close to the elms are unpacking their leaves from the resinous imbricated buds, and shaking them out of their crimped folds as if to air them in the genial sunlight. A popular study of the chestnut is that of finding out the horse-shoe marks on the shoots, which are said to give the name to the tree. Here is an account of the matter. "The scars which are left on the shoots by the falling summer leaves of trees," says one of our leaders, "are very large in the horse-chestnut. On the surface of each scar will be found seven black dots, corresponding to the farrier's nails in a horse's shoe. These dots are really the broken ends of the bundles of woody fibre which, separating at the top of the leaf-stalk, form the mid-ribs of the seven leaflets." The similarity to a horse's shoe varies in different shoots, but in some cases it is well marked.

The age of the shoots on a tree, as recorded upon each of them by the winter leaf-scars, is also shown on the larger scale by the horse-chestnut. The winter leaves or scales are they which protect the embryonic summer buds, and drop off in the spring. Their scars, unlike those left by the summer leaves, are close together, and form a series of annuli or rings. The interval of shoot between two sets of bud-rings shows one year's growth. The number of sets of rings shows the age of the shoot. This peculiarity, like that of the horse-shoe, is better seen on some chestnut-trees than on others, as we find upon trial of the trees before us.

Here are some grand specimens of that wild, weird-looking tree, the Scotch fir, the fellows of those which still linger close to "The Spaniards" at Hampstead Heath, and maintain some of the old glories of the spot. These lofty specimens before us have that pinkish bark which tells of the tree having reached a good age. But we must not linger.

For most of the purposes of a field-naturalists' club, the vegetation of a town park is less suitable than that of the open country. In the park we lack the scope for botanical discovery—for adding by our own researches to the list of our wildling flora—the prospect of which lends such a zest to a ramble on the heath, in the field, or in the unfrequented woodland. The members of a field-club like to get on the track of those earlier records of plant-life in a district which tell of the geographical origin of the flora, its immigration in times long ago from other lands, and the various vicissitudes which have marked its history. But then if a park fails to satisfy such tastes as this, it has botanical merits of its own. It is often an out-door museum of instruction which our indigenous flora fails to afford. Do we want to see what strange and various aspects some trees assume under different geographical conditions? The long Flower Walk in Kensington Gardens, and the exotic trees in many a town park, will show us.

Here are three kinds of strange-looking trees, labelled as oaks. Their leaves have no resemblance to our common British oak, for they are entire—not cut and lobed. One is the cypress oak; its form is like that of the tall spiry poplar. Another is the common evergreen oak of our shrubberies with lanceolate leaves, and the third is the cork oak, from the south of France. It is only at the fruiting season, when the acorns appear, that these trees can be identified with the oak family. They are all evergreen. We



remember that our deciduous British oak becomes evergreen in a very few years when planted far enough south. A still stranger contrast in a family of trees is seen in the cedars. Here is the deodar, the Himalayan cedar—that favourite and graceful lawn tree. How different its figure and habit from that of the Lebanon cedar, which is close at hand! Yet as the deodar gets on in life towards forty years of age, it loses its character, and becomes undistinguishable from the cedar of Lebanon. In our climate it reverts in its mature age to the stock from which it is now agreed to have sprung!

But during these tree studies in the Flower Walk our microscopists are busy with their pond-hunting apparatus at the Serpentine. Some of our botanists, too, we now remember, seceded from us early in the afternoon to explore the greensward for wild-flowers. We hasten to find them, for our short afternoon is now closing. Here they are, and here is their report.

First let the botanists speak. They tell us that the flora of Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens, instead of being wholly exotic and confined to the gardeners' beds actually consists of not less than one hundred and *sixty* wild species! They find that the most interesting of these wild plants grow mainly on two pieces of ground. The one is a strip of turf of no great extent, beginning north of the Magazine in Hyde Park, and lying between the Ring Road and the ditch bounding Kensington Gardens on the west. The other begins at the end of a black wooden wall which runs south of the barracks to near the Humane Society's receiving-house and the Deputy Ranger's house opposite the Serpentine.\* A hundred and ninety species! telling us Londoners that we have indeed a good old English flora holding its own amid the gay exotics of our West End parks. Long may they remain (the rarer specimens unmolested by covetous collectors) to be a link with those far gone times when the land was still open and unenclosed—pleasant country fields lying just outside London.

Our microscopists, too, are satisfied with their afternoon's work. They have had a boat on the Serpentine, and have hooked up a good number of likely-looking water-weeds, in which are doubtless ensconced some microscopic game. They find the American pond-weed (*elodea Canadense* or *anacharis sinistrum*) plentifully in the Serpentine, as well as the amphibious persicaria and the so-called flowering rush, and they have made a longish list of the aquatic vegetation in Hyde Park.

Another look at those fine old elms on each side of the Serpentine and we must return homeward. On the south bank is a collection of ash-trees; these are almost the only specimens to be seen in the park. More elms, too, some in the prime of their gigantic stature, and others broken and stunted in their old age with wind and weather. These last are being carefully tended. Up to last summer the headless trunks were hollow, and open to the rains and snow and ice. They are now covered in with a hard cement, and every other avenue to the trunk is stopped up with the same material. We rejoice at the sight, for these venerable elms would be sadly missed by all Londoners.

The various detachments of our club—photographers, microscopists, and botanists—are now assembled, and each member is taking home something belonging to his own chosen walk in natural history. Our first field-meeting for the season must now close, for the days are still short. But in these two or three hours have we not proved that the park may contain attractions which are likely to be overlooked by those who live within too easy reach of them, and who are sighing for longer excursions?

## THE CHILDREN OF OLDEN TIME:

SOME CHAPTERS CHIEFLY FOR YOUNG READERS

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A TRAP TO CATCH A SUNBEAM."

I.

I THINK most little folks delight to hear about other little folks, and to know how they lived, dressed, ate, and amused themselves in that far-off "long ago" which has such a strange interest for us all. It may amuse the children of this age, children of larger or lesser growth, and give them fresh thoughts, and perhaps a fresh employment too, in dressing themselves or their dolls in Anglo-Saxon or mediæval costumes.

I will begin when, as it were, England itself was a child, when the people were called Anglo-Saxons, and the little babies in their swaddling clothes (that is, wrapped up so that they looked like the chrysalis of the silkworm) were permitted to live only if they did not cry! Think of that! If a poor tiny baby, a few hours old, objected to be placed on a slanting roof, or the bough of a tree, and uttered its low wailing cry of terror, it had to be killed. For where was the use, they thought, of rearing a poor little weakly child, who would die were it exposed to any hardships, and be a "nothing"† and a disgrace to a nation of brave men? But, on the other hand, if the baby laughed and crowed it was brought home joyfully and saved. It is not improbable that our nursery rhyme of "Hush a bye baby on the tree top" may have come from this strange Anglo-Saxon custom—or how should any one have thought of such a thing as "hushing a baby" in such a perilous position? I should suppose all little babies born on a Sunday must have been saved, because the Anglo-Saxons had a strong superstition about the days on which the little strangers arrived, and considered Sunday the luckiest of all days, particularly if it fell on a new moon. This superstition remains still amongst us in the north and south of our dear "Island Home," and the following lines are yet sung and believed in:—

"Monday's bairn is fair of face,  
Tuesday's bairn is full of grace,  
Wednesday's bairn is the child of woe,  
Thursday's bairn has far to go,  
Friday's bairn is loving and giving,  
Saturday's bairn works hard for its living,  
But the bairn that is born on a Sabbath day  
Is bonny and healthy and wise and gay."

Well, to go on about these little people of "long ago." There was one thing which I think was very good and wise, and worthy of imitation. "Nurse" was always treated as a person of considerable importance, one to be loved and honoured, and loaded with every possible kindness. It was justly felt

\* Saxon—nothing, or useless.

\* For this information our club is chiefly indebted to the Rev. W. W. Newbould (perhaps the most thoroughly informed of our local botanists) and the Hon. J. Leicester Warren, who have furnished the name of every one of the species alluded to.

that as she had so much trouble and anxiety with the little tender things committed to her care, the parents could not reward too well one who fulfilled properly this serious trust.

Some of the duties were very peculiar. The first was to protect the baby from fairies and evil spirits, so as soon as the child was born, the nurse had to dig a long tunnel in the ground, and through it to drag the child, carefully closing the hole with stones so that evil spirits could not follow. Then she had to take the infant to a place where two or more roads met, there to place it on the ground, and drag it up and down while prayers were said to the goddesses they worshipped, whom the poor people as sincerely thought protected them as we believe our Heavenly Father protects us.

When after some time good Christian men came to show them their errors, and to teach them where to look for help for themselves and their children, they learnt a better way to try to keep them from evil, and the little children, when baptized, had names given in expression of this faith. Then, every name had its meaning. "Nobility, valour, truth, and charity" were remembered, and it was hoped that the child would really be what it was called; so they had such names as Ethelbert, "the noble and bright;" Edward, "the happy protector;" Edith, "the happy gift;" Adelaide, "the noble wife;" Ellen, "the excellent," and so forth. Then children did not take their father's name, but were distinguished by some personal appearance, as, "the fair," "the dark," and we read among Danish people the funny names—"Flat nose," "Ugly squint eye," "Long nose," "Long beard," "Hawk nose," "Spoon nose," and "Touch eye," just as the Esquimaux and Indians have such names now.

Few children in those days could read or write. Their learning consisted chiefly in psalm-singing and reciting poetry. We read that the Anglo-Saxons had but one mode of teaching, "they told a child to learn, and if he did not they beat him," and even young ladies of two-and-twenty were flogged. But there was one safety for them; the flogging could only be administered in the church, where the school was held—and once out of school, the little culprit was safe. It is given as a proof of the high respect in which the Anglo-Saxons held this method of teaching, that the children spoke of their school-days as when "they were under the rod." Whatever they wished them to remember they first told them, and explained to them, and then severely flogged them, that they might never forget it.

It seems that the Anglo-Saxon child was much like the child of to-day; full of restless activity without any real object, cheerfulness and endless love of play, violent grief soon forgotten, and strange little whims and fancies, without the power of reasoning on them. Such were the little children of the olden times, such are the little ones who brighten so many English homes now. The boys then, as now, delighted in noisy rough games, and out-of-door sports, but we read also of quieter games for studious boys. The ladies excelled in needlework, so doubtless the little girls, in imitation of "mamma," amused themselves in cutworks, spinning, bone-lace making, and other pretty devices to adorn houses and cushions, carpets and stool-seats.\*

\* Strutt's "Sports and Pastimes."

I must give you some idea of the dress of these "little folks." The boys wore a tunic very similar to that they wear now, fastened round the waist with a girdle of folded cloth of the same colour; over this a short cloak was worn, fastened on the



BOY WITH SHORT CLOAK.

shoulder by a brooch. They seldom covered their heads, but when they did it was with a pointed hat or cap something like a sugar-loaf; the trousers were tight to the leg, and were in fact long stockings, or hose as they called them, from which we get the word hosier, or seller of hose. They were bound sometimes about with coloured straps, giving the notion of the Scotch stocking of this day; their shoes were black, open at the instep and fastened on with thongs—that is, strips of leather. The mantle was only worn, I must tell you, by the gentry; the peasants wore the tunic only.



BOY WITH BOUND STOCKINGS.

The ladies' dresses were very simple, and I suppose the little girls dressed like their mothers, only I should not think they had their heads so much covered. When the hair is seen in pictures of the time it is in flat curls, bound by a fillet or snood, and I think that is a likely way for the little girls to have worn their hair.

The ladies' dress was a tunic or short dress over a very long one, fastened at the waist, and with long wide sleeves, a very wide cloak over the upper part of the body, and a covering or hood for the head, falling over the shoulders, which must have made them look not unlike the nuns, or sisters of mercy, we see walking about the streets now.

Whether the children had toys in those early ages



or no I cannot discover, but I think it likely they imitated the things used by their elders, and had small bows and arrows, and played at shooting and fishing, and all such occupations as they saw employing those about them. Picture-books we know they had, as Alfred the Great was induced to learn to read by his mother promising to give one to the child who first mastered the art of reading; but it was an illuminated missal, not a book which we should term a child's picture-book now.



MOTHER SWADDLING CHILD.

And now, having told you all that I think will interest you about the Anglo-Saxon children, I will give you some account of the little Normans.

In their time there arose a spirit of chivalry, which, with the increase of learning and civilisation, improved and softened the rough and barbaric manners; and, as a proof of the good sentiments that were entertained at that early period, I will give you an extract from a romance of the time, which is a counsel from a mother to her son:—"My son, as you are going to be a courtier, I require you for God's love have nothing to do with a treacherous flatterer; make the acquaintance of wise men. Attend regularly to the service of Holy Church, and show honour and love to the clergy. Give your goods willingly to the poor; be courteous, and spend freely, and you will be the more loved and cherished." This was excellent advice, and if strictly followed would make a good man in these days also.



CHILD IN CRADLE BEING SWADDLED.

We begin at this period to find out a little more about the domestic occupations of the ladies. Weaving is a very favourite one, and in an old drawing of ladies following this employment, two of them are holding scissors the exact shape of those

used still by our tailors. The out-of-door amusements do not appear to have changed much; they are still rude and boisterous; the boys loved boxing, running, wrestling, bull-baiting and bear-baiting, and the girls were passionately fond of dancing and music; and we now begin to find mention of toys which have a familiar sound to us—balls, whip-tops, ninepins, and dolls. The latter especially were used by the Roman children—made of wood, wax, plaster, ivory, and wool, but very unlike the beautiful images of babyhood played with now; they were more like little figures, and have been found frequently in coffins, the Romans having a practice of burying the playthings of the children with them, which practice was afterwards followed by the Christians. It must be a touching sight to see the little toys lying there, when the tiny hands that had played with them have long ago mouldered into dust, and the little toy is all that is left to tell of the bright laughing being that had once treasured it.

In the dwellings of the gentry at this time there is more account of furniture than under the Saxons. Cupboards, chests, and coffer were of inlaid metal, and sometimes enamel, and made of beautifully carved woods. The beds appear to be anything but comfort-



SAXON BED.

able; but the tester bed was shortly introduced, and, with its hangings, must have assumed a more inviting appearance than the one in our picture. I am sure the



HEAD-DRESS OF MOTHER AND CHILD.

poor gentleman could not have lain down very comfortably, or turned round without some danger of

finding himself on the floor. At the foot of the bed there was a bench, and at the head a chair; the sheets were made of rich silk or fine linen, and the coverlet was made of the hair of the badger, beaver, cat, or sable. At one end of the room was a perch or pole for the falcons—the birds used in the sport of hawking—and in another place a similar one for articles of dress.

With regard to the dress of Norman children, there does not appear, from the drawings we possess of them, that there was any great difference which can now be discovered between it and that of the Anglo-Saxons. The infants were still rolled, as they had been before, in "swaddling clothes." You know we read in the Bible of our blessed Saviour being wrapped in "swaddling clothes," which were linen bands wrapped round and round the little form, as you see in the drawing, a custom pursued until the reign of Edward I. The elder children kept still the short tunic, cap, hose, and shoes, which I have described to you before; in short, a modified form of the garb of their parents, as we frequently find at a later period. Of the education of the Norman children we know little, but schools were very prevalent, and reading and writing seem to have been the chief instruction up to the fourteenth century.

In the mediæval period—that is to say, that portion of history which dates from the reign of Henry II to Henry VIII—though I can discover no special direction for the dress of children, I find from old pictures that the little creatures looked like miniature men and women, and do not appear to have had distinct dresses suited to their age, as now. I think they must all have looked very much like Mr. and Mrs. Tom Thumb. Imagine any of our little girls with a large chignon on the top of her little head and a long train; or our little boys in tall hats and long coats and trousers! But they evidently did not then wear the extravagant head-dress of the time of Edward IV, or I do not know how the little feet would have kept their balance with such a pyramid on their heads, and shoes with such long pointed toes! In the last drawing on the previous page, which is copied from a miniature of that time, you will see that the girl has only a small cap on her head, and not the wonderful affair that adorns the mother. There was a strong feeling against these monstrous fashions, but the power of fashion was as great over the human mind then as now, and even over the censure of the clergy. In one instance the mocking of little boys, whom it is stated were incited by a friar to ridicule the ladies as they passed, failed to banish this peculiar and unbecoming style of dress.

Up to this period of history we have had to trust only to old illuminated mss. and monuments in church and chapel; but now, as I have said, pictures come to our aid. The grand old paintings of Holbein, Rubens, and Vandyke, give us pictures of little folks in their habits as they lived, and enable us to form a right impression of the appearance made by the children of the olden time. I think as I look at them that the games of "frog in the middle," "blind man's buff," and hoop trundling, which we read they indulged in, must have been very troublesome to play encumbered by such dresses. Our little ones, in their short frocks, have much more ease afforded them to indulge in the merry sports of their age.

Of their indoor amusements, dancing seems still to rank as the most favoured; indeed, they were so

passionately fond of it that in many of the addresses to the young they are frequently cautioned against indulging too much in this pastime. A game called "qui fery," afterwards "hot cockles," was a frequent amusement. One is blinded and kneels down in the centre of a circle with one hand behind her, while the rest of the players strike in turn, the blind one having to guess the name of the striker. Another game, which I think might serve to amuse children now, consisted of a set of good and bad characters written in verse on a roll, having strings attached to each, which the players drew in turn. The game was called "rageman," or "ragman;" and it possesses some historical interest, for when the Scotch nobles in the reign of Edward I acknowledged their dependence on the English crown, the deed, with all their seals attached to it, was rolled up in this manner, and no doubt in derision was called "ragman's roll." Afterwards it became customary to call any roll with many signatures after that name. I am indebted for this information and many other interesting things to a most amusing book, which, when the "little folks" have grown big folks, will, I am sure, afford them as much amusement as it has me.\* "Cross and pile," now called "head and tail;" "crambo," a game where one gave a word to which another found a rhyme; chess, dice, tables (now known as backgammon), also formed the recreations of our ancestors. Card-playing appears to have been a very fashionable court amusement in the reign of Henry VII; his daughter Margaret is mentioned as playing at cards with her intended husband James IV of Scotland. The old story that cards were invented for the amusement of the poor mad king of France, Charles VI, is disputed. The mistake has probably arisen from the fact that in the treasury register belonging to that monarch, fifty-six sols were paid to one Jacquemin Gringonneur, painter, "for three packs of cards gilded and painted with divers colours and different devices to be carried to the king for his diversion."† It is the opinion of many learned writers that cards were used in Eastern lands long before they were known in Europe, called "Tarot cards," and specimens which are still preserved of them prove that they were emblematical, and very unlike the playing-cards of which they were the precursors. The gipsies appear to have used them for telling fortunes, as they still do with the modern ones. Being all pictures, they would amuse children. And probably they had been long in use in France before they were thus made gayer and more attractive to please the poor king.

The ladies of these old days took great delight in animals, dogs, birds, and monkeys. Amongst birds the most popular was the magpie, probably from the amusement caused by its chattering propensities. In the stories of this time, this bird is often used for the incidents to turn on. One very funny one is related in the book I have before mentioned, and the author tells us it was written by a father to his daughter in a book of counsels, the moral of this particular one being a warning against greediness.

The tale runs thus:—"There was a lady who kept in a cage a pie, who talked of everything which it saw and heard. Now it happened that the lord of the castle had preserved a large eel in his pond, which he was saving in order to regale some of his

\* "History of Domestic Manners and Sentiments." T. Wright.  
† Strutt's "Sports and Pastimes."

lordly friends when they came to see him. But the lady unhappily took a fancy to the eel, and she and her maid ate it all. When the lord returned, the pie began to say, 'My lord, my lady has eaten the eel.' And he went to the pond at once, and missing the fish, he went into the house and asked his wife what had become of it. She thought to excuse herself, but he said he knew all about it, the pie had told him. The result was great quarrelling and trouble; but when the lord was gone away, the lady and her female attendant went to the pie and plucked all the feathers from his head, saying, 'You told about the eel.' And so the poor pie was quite bald. But from that time forward, when it saw people who were bald, it called out, 'Ah! you told about the eel.'"

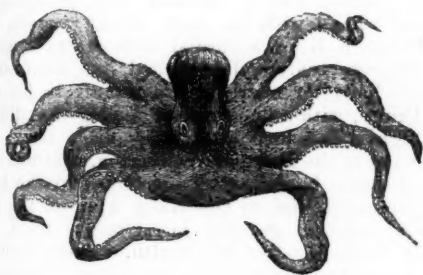
There is a modern story very similar about a parrot and a baker.

Amongst the favoured animals for petting, monkeys were numbered, but dogs were the most popular; cats seem quite excluded from all share in the honour done to the other animals.

### THE OCTOPUS IN THE PACIFIC.

As there has been a good deal of controversy of late about the habits of the octopus, especially as to the truth of its alleged attacks on men, the following communication from Mr. Gill, of Mangaia, will be read with interest. In the South Pacific the name of the octopus is the Poulpe, and Mr. Gill's paper, written without any knowledge of our European discussions, is entitled

POULPE DIVING.



The octopus or poulpe, like the chameleon, changes its hue at will in order to elude pursuit. The poulpe-diver is usually provided with a sharp-pointed iron-wood stake, a pocket-knife suspended from the neck, and a small quantity of slacked lime securely wrapped up in leaves. Should the poulpe hide itself in a hole inaccessible to the stake, the lime is spread over the entrance; the fish dies instantaneously and floats to the surface.

Poulpe diving is not unattended with danger. Two natives go in a canoe a short distance outside the breakers; one to dive, the other to take care of the canoe and to succour his companion in case of need. Saturday is the favourite fishing-day throughout the islands, on account of the approaching sabbath. Not long since the best diver on this island set off with a friend in quest of materials for a good dinner. Peering down through the clear water, he saw with pleasure a very large

poulpe, its tentacula spread out over the coral bottom. He accordingly dived down about twelve feet and prepared to strike the fish. But the octopus had seen its foe and moved its position, so that when Tauri had reached the bottom it was *behind* him. Whilst looking about for his victim, he was suddenly made prisoner, both arms being secured by the tentacula of this formidable fish. He struggled hard to extricate one hand in order to get at his knife; but in vain. It now occurred to him to strike his feet against the bottom so as to rise to the surface, when to his dismay he found that the canoe and his friend had drifted away to some distance! Before it was possible for his companion to reach him, the pinioned diver sank again. Had this process been repeated Tauri would certainly have been drowned. At last it providentially occurred to him to walk as best he could along the rugged coral bottom to the shore. Slowly and painfully he moved on, the foe in no degree relaxing its grasp, until he gained shallow water. Very exhausted he emerged from the sea. The poulpe now endeavoured to make its escape, but was prevented by its quondam prisoner, who held on to the thick part of the fish. With the assistance of his companion it was soon dispatched. Including its long arms it measured somewhat more than six feet. On Tauri's back was a wound made by the teeth of the poulpe.

On another occasion a servant of mine went diving for poulpes, leaving his son in charge of the canoe. After a somewhat long interval the diver rose to the surface; his arms free, but nostrils and mouth completely covered with a large octopus, the entire face being firmly clasped by formidable tentacula. The sight was ridiculous and alarming, as it was impossible for the old man to breathe. With wonderful presence of mind the lad with one hand immediately grasped his father by the hair of his head, and with the other actually tore off the poulpe and whisked it into the canoe. But for this timely aid the old man must have been suffocated, as was actually the case many years ago with a man who foolishly went alone.

The poulpe when cooked is very tough and disagreeable to the European palate. I have tasted it many times; but cannot advise my readers to emulate my example. To make it tender, the natives resort to a very cruel practice, viz., beating it with iron-wood sticks or even pounding it *alive* with large stones!

I once saw a woman deposit in the road, in front of her house, a live poulpe just caught. With unerring instinct the fish began to move towards the sea, which was more than one hundred yards away. The woman repeatedly crushed its tentacula with stones, her excuse being that such was the custom from time immemorial to render the food tender and palatable.

On dark nights the poulpe ventures on the reef and prowls about in search of food. It often happens that rats run about the sand, close to the water's edge, to pick up scraps of taro left by women and girls engaged in torch-fishing. Very frequently a luckless rat, oblivious of danger whilst enjoying these stray morsels, is suddenly seized by one or two of the long and strong arms of this fish, and utterly powerless in its grasp is drowned and devoured. Rats are often found inside the stomach of the poulpe.



Not long since some boys caught a rat and threw it into the sea for the pleasure of seeing it swim ashore again. As the rat was coming ashore, it was seen by an octopus hiding in the coral. Contrary to its usual practice, it unwisely gave chase by daylight to its favourite prey. But while this marine rat-catcher was enjoying its feast, the boys approached unperceived and dispatched it with a sharp-pointed stick.

At the island of Aitutaki there is a species of poulpe which has two tentacula longer and more powerful than the rest. These sea-spiders, as they are sometimes called, often crawl on the sandy beach and lie to all appearance dead. The rats prowling about in search of garbage thrown up by the waves see what appears to be an unusually good feast. But no sooner do some of them go near to nibble than the wily fish encloses them in its powerful arms and hurries off to the sea with its prey!

At Manihiki and Rakaanga and many other low coral islands lying about four hundred miles from Mangaia, the poulpe or sea-spider is accustomed to leave the sea and travel over the sand and broken coral to climb the pandanus-trees which grow on the beach, in order to feast upon their sweet-scented and sweet-tasted flowers and fruit. At dawn these curious fish may be seen in clusters on the outspread branches of the pandanus thus enjoying themselves; but as soon as their sharp eyes perceive the approach of their enemy, man, they instantly drop on the stones beneath, and hasten back to their proper element.

A small fish called the "pakevakeva," with remarkably sharp teeth, persecutes the octopus most cruelly. Its bite is directed to a single arm; the attacker instantaneously retreating to a safe distance, lest it should be enfolded in the fatal embrace of the poulpe. Sea-spiders are often caught which have lost all their eight arms by the repeated attacks of this daring little fish. Such octopi are almost defenceless, and experience great difficulty in feeding, being in the same predicament as a man who should lose his hands and feet; his only remaining resource being a dexterous use of his teeth.

At the Penrhyn Islands the poulpe was worshipped down to their reception of Christianity in 1856. When advised by our native evangelists to eat this fish, the heathen said, "We shall surely die if we injure our God." "Try this once," said the teachers, proffering at the same time a cooked poulpe, which had been caught by themselves. After much persuasion, one or two of them tremblingly ventured to imitate the example of their spiritual instructors, and just tasted a mouthful. The heathen bystanders felt sure that their impious fellow-countrymen would suddenly swell to an enormous size and burst. After waiting a long time and finding that no evil consequences followed, they all loudly condemned their own folly in former years, and partaking of the food so entirely new to their palate, pronounced it excellent!

The best time for obtaining the poulpe is early morning, when it is perfectly white. The contrast with the dark coral bottom enables the diver to see it at a great distance. At midday and in the afternoon the ever-changing hues—mottled, yellow, scarlet, and dark brown—almost defy detection.

Should the diver lose his hold of the fish, a sudden discharge of sepia most effectually conceals the

poulpe. This sepia is highly prized for bait by anglers of the "api," a dark spotted fish very plentiful in these waters. When mixed with candle-nut oil and plastered over the fish-hook, it is greedily devoured.

### THIRTY YEARS OF THE REIGN OF VICTORIA.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS BY JOHN TIMBS.

VI.

IN 1841, while the citizens of London were keeping their time-honoured 9th of November, there came unto them the glorious intelligence of the birth at Buckingham Palace of the heir-apparent to the British Crown. As the citizens and their guests sat at their high festival in the Guildhall in the evening, great was their jubilation at this auspicious event; and, although their ancient banqueting-room has been the scene of many stirring events in our history, rarely has there been among them one of such significance and interesting association. His Royal Highness was created Prince of Wales and Earl of Chester, by patent, on the 8th of December following; the magnates of Heralds' College having determined the arms to be borne by the Prince, and inquired into the long-disputed origin of the famous "Prince of Wales's Feathers," the most picturesque badge with which we are now so familiar.

The christening of the Prince of Wales took place in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, on the 24th of January, 1842. The King of Prussia was present as sponsor, and the reception of his Majesty at Greenwich was a moving ceremony. The King had hardly placed his foot on English ground when Prince Albert walked hastily forward, and grasping his Majesty's hand with the most ardent warmth, bade the Prussian King a cordial welcome to England. His Majesty was equally affected, and retained the Prince's hand for nearly half a minute in his own. The Prince, with a fine sense of feeling that did him the highest honour, afterwards drew back, and advancing to the Duke of Wellington, who was some little distance behind, took his Grace by the hand, and presented him to the King, who, in the most earnest manner, grasped his Grace's hand, and hastily inquired after his health. These incidents were not lost upon the public spectators, who cheered most vociferously. In short, it was clear, from the manner in which the whole ceremony was conducted, that the people of England still loved the pomp and power and pride of royalty, and—

"To feast the eye with ceremonial greatness."

So highly decorated an edifice as St. George's Chapel at Windsor needed but little decoration for the baptismal ceremony; and little was attempted. Before the altar was raised a dais, or *haut pas*, in the centre of which was placed the baptismal font, on a purple velvet and gold ottoman. This font consists of a golden salver, on which rests a pedestal and bowl used at the christening of Charles II, whence rises a second pedestal, bearing a shallow lotus-leaved vase, containing the water. Semi-circularly on the *haut pas* were placed twelve chairs and faldstools of purple and gold. Upon the altar were arranged the communion services of the Chapel Royal St. James's and St. George's, comprising six

salvers, eight large tankards and flagons, two cups, and ten smaller vessels of gold or silver gilt. The entire floor of the chapel was covered with a purple carpet, ornamented with the Star of the Order of the Garter, and the Cross or Shield of St. George.

At half-past twelve o'clock the royal procession left the quadrangle of the Castle in carriages, and soon reached Wolsey's Hall. Shortly afterwards, the Archbishop of Canterbury entered the platform and stood before the font, and was joined by the Archbishop of York, the Bishops of London, Norwich, Winchester, and Oxford, and the Dean and Canons of Windsor. The royal procession then left Wolsey's Hall, the Queen and Prince Albert and their attendants filing off and entering the choir by the north door, to the right; and the King of Prussia and suite, the Duchesses of Kent and Cambridge, and the Duke and Princess Augusta of Cambridge, entering by the opposite or southern door. The Queen, in a few seconds, appeared, conducted by Prince Albert, and preceded by the Lord Chamberlain and Master of the Household, when the company rose and the band played the March from "Joseph." The Queen wore the robes of Sovereign of the Order of the Garter, and a circlet of diamonds. Her Majesty was supported by Prince Albert, the Duke of Sussex, Prince George of Cambridge, and Princes Ferdinand and Leopold of Saxe-Coburg. The Duke of Wellington stood behind her Majesty's chair, bearing the Sword of State. The march having been concluded, the Archbishop of Canterbury, standing behind the font, and supported as before, commenced reading the baptismal service, during the greater part of which the Queen, Prince Albert, and the King of Prussia, and the other royal sponsors, repeated the usual responses in an audible tone of voice.

In the evening a magnificent banquet was served in St. George's Hall to one hundred and forty distinguished guests, a servant in the royal livery being behind each chair. The christening cake was about thirty inches in diameter, and with its figure ornaments stood about four feet high. In the evening took place a grand concert. In the town of Windsor the joyous event of the day was variously celebrated.

In commemoration of the eventful day, the King of Prussia, while yet in England, resolved to dedicate to his royal godson a splendid baptismal shield, which, in its character and design, should correspond with the importance of the Act of the Church performed on the above day, and likewise be worthy of the state of German art. On the King's return to Berlin, this design was carried into execution. In the centre of the shield the artist has placed the figure of Him who is Himself the Way, the Truth, and the Life, and who forms the central point of the Christian faith and life, and to whom all has reference that is represented on the shield. The work was not completed until 1847. The surface is cast in metal, and chased; and the figures form an outer circle of characteristic groups, the details of which are very numerous.

One of the earliest portraits of the Prince of Wales was painted by Sir William Ross, R.A., and has been engraved by permission of her Majesty; it is a beautiful specimen of that branch of art in which Sir William Ross excelled—the portraiture of children. The large enamel, by Thorburn, of the Queen and the young Prince, has likewise been engraved, and possesses an historic interest.

Being now literally in the domain of records of Royalty, I may here be allowed to quote a memorable instance of her Majesty's regard for her highly-conscientious minister, Sir Robert Peel, following what may be regarded as a critical turn in his political career. A political gossip of that period says:—

"I am glad to learn from the best authority that Sir Robert Peel begins to feel that he has been gradually gaining influence with the Queen; and her manner is certainly becoming far more gracious towards him than could have been expected from the untoward circumstances under which he had been presented to her notice. He describes her as endowed with considerable abilities, and not only in a wonderful manner become conversant with State affairs, but also as taking an all-absorbent interest in them. When a messenger's box is brought down to Windsor, her countenance, which is naturally serious, brightens up immediately. She reads all the dispatches, makes her comments, and is really so much engrossed by their one idea, that she never enters into the light gossiping conversation to which young women are generally addicted. Peel, who at the first felt rather embarrassed with his young mistress, is now become more at ease with her; and he has so much talent and tact that he soon finds a clue to her good opinion. He gained much ground with her by the adroit manner in which he offered to Prince Albert the presidency of a new society of arts. He took care, first, in a deferential manner, to consult her Majesty's wishes on the subject, stating that her choice would be popular in the country; and she immediately embraced the idea with great eagerness. She ordered the young princess to be brought down to him, and treated him with great affability. On a later occasion, when he and Lady Peel were invited to stay a few days at Windsor, her Majesty, in the course of conversation, asked him what was the reason of his great hostility to the system of her late Government. He immediately took advantage of this to enter into a detail of the revolutionary tendency of all their measures, and the bad spirit which they had so wantonly excited in the country—a spirit which was rapidly threatening the ruin of the monarchy as well as that of the country. He said that crowned heads should not only think of what was agreeable to their own feelings, but also what was conducive to the welfare of their posterity. It was in itself a contradiction, that sovereigns should be democrats, or encourage these principles in their dominions. That in another month, her Majesty might, probably, give birth to a son, to whom it must be the object of her anxiety to leave her crown as a sure and peaceful inheritance; and how could that be accomplished by following the system of concession and revolution, into which she had been gradually led under the false hope of obtaining a short-lived and uncertain popularity, at the expense of undermining the great props of the Constitution in Church and State? As Peel has great eloquence and fluency, it may be supposed that these arguments could not fail to have a certain weight."

Baron Bunsen, in his "Private Memoirs," says of the Queen's poignant grief for the loss of this great statesman:—"July 3, 1850. The all-absorbing subject of interest has been collecting and learning everything that can be known about Sir Robert Peel. The newspapers give an interesting summary of his life, and some of them were edged with black, out of

respect for him. The Queen's grief is excessive; she is in a constant flood of tears, and with the greatest difficulty could be prevailed upon to hold the *levée* which, having been fixed for this day, could not be put off. Many expressions of hers are quoted, showing her full sense of the loss she herself and the country have sustained: 'I have lost not merely a friend, but a father.'

"The loss of Peel can never be supplied. The Queen and Prince have shown, on the occasion of this calamity, their own high standing in human nature. Altogether, what a treasure of sincerity, truth, and noble feeling is there in this royal pair! What a blessing for the country! A great impression has been made upon the Prince of Prussia by such a degree of mourning for a public servant!"

I cannot refrain from adding another testimonial to the high character of Peel from one of the most trustworthy men of his time. When the Duke of Wellington sought to express what seemed to him most admirable in the character of Sir Robert Peel, he said "*he was the most truthful man he had ever known*," adding, "I was long connected with him in public life. We were both in the councils of our Sovereign together, and I had long the honour to enjoy his private friendship. In all the course of my acquaintance with Sir Robert Peel I never knew a man in whose truth and justice I had a more lively confidence, or in whom I saw a more invariable desire to promote the public service. In the whole course of my communication with him, I never knew an instance in which he did not show the strongest attachment to truth; and I never saw, in the whole course of my life, the smallest reason for suspecting that he stated anything which he did not frankly believe to be the fact."

### NOTES ON FOREIGN LIBRARIES.

BY S. W. KERSLAW, M.A., LIBRARIAN AT LAMBETH PALACE.

THE events of the Franco-German war have left their impress on some of the literary treasure-houses of Europe. The famous library of Strasburg is no more, that of the Louvre and Hôtel de Ville has also been destroyed, while danger has been very close to the other fine literary and artistic collections of Paris. It almost takes away our breath to think that the flames of the Communist insurrection raged near the Imperial Library, and that the rarest manuscripts and books were only secured by being stowed away in cellars. The vicissitudes of this wonderful collection have been so great that a slight review of these changes may tend to make the world of letters and the public better appreciate the value of the contents, so linked as they have been to the history of France by many a regal bequest or historical incident.

The first reliable epoch of the Imperial Library begins, when, under the title of Bibliothèque du Roi, the collection was the private one of each successive king of France, this period ending in the time of Henry IV, who transferred the books from Fontainebleau to Paris. The second, from about 1595 to the revolution of 1789, comprised a time of great activity and augmentation; and the third, from 1791 to the present, has seen the collection increase under the various titles of National, Royal, Imperial, and National, with the addition of the renowned new

reading-room. Through each of these periods, rich stores of literature have been amassed, in which for a long time kingly care and royal donations played so conspicuous a part. The foundation of the Paris Library, alleged to have been by Charles V, marks a commencement much earlier than our own British Museum or Bodleian collections. During the English invasion in 1420 several volumes were lost or stolen, and a great part purchased by the Duke of Bedford, then Regent of France. To repair these losses, Louis XI and Charles VIII collected books far and wide, and the reign of Francis I indicates an epoch of the greatest munificence to the library. Italian, Greek, and Oriental manuscripts were collected, and we now read of the first regularly appointed bibliothécaire, Guillaume Budé, in 1522. Still, royalty supervised, and the distinct office of librarian was not thoroughly exercised till the removal of the books to Paris some fifty years afterwards. With Henry II, who succeeded Francis I, is associated the name of a great patroness of literature, Diana of Poitiers, who owned books in bindings that have come down to our own day as a proverb of excellence and beauty, but which are now scattered broadcast in various collections.

The second period commences when the books ceased to be at Fontainebleau or other of the royal Palaces, and were placed by Henry IV's command in the College of the Jesuits at Paris. Valuable acquisitions, and men of note succeed so rapidly in the annalistic page, that it is impossible to single out more than the most celebrated donations during this second epoch, or name the noted guardians of such treasures as were then acquired. Jacques-Auguste de Thou, the first directly appointed and illustrious librarian, was instrumental in causing the books of Catherine de Medicis to be purchased; his own name will ever live in literature for having acquired a private collection, once one of the sights of Paris, but dispersed at the first revolution. In 1605 the library was again removed to the Convent of the Cordeliers, and placed under the care of the great scholar Isaac Casaubon.

The reign of Louis XIV, called the golden age of letters for France, was signalled by the exertions of that king and his ministers, Colbert and Louvois, in acquiring lasting fame for the library. Copies of documents in the provinces were transcribed, ambassadors and agents set to work, monasteries ransacked for material, and the result was a great influx of Oriental and other manuscripts, besides the purchase of many books. Louvois, who succeeded Colbert in 1688, influenced the learned Mabillon to collect books in Italy, and enforced an order that all works printed in France should be added to the collection. Another change of abode from the Rue Vivienne, where the books had been placed by Colbert, to the Rue Richelieu, in 1724, occurs in this second period, and at this time the Abbé Bignon was librarian. In 1784, Monsieur Van Praet, a Flemish bibliographer, born at Bruges, entered the service of the library; his name is within the recollection of many a *savant* even of the present century. Van Praet saw the collection through the Reign of Terror, received the thousands of volumes that were brought to its shelves through the suppressed religious houses, classified all additions, and then had at his feet the choicest treasures acquired by the conquests of Napoleon from Venice, Rome, Madrid, and Vienna. At the occupation of Paris by



the allies in 1814-15, some of these plundered books were restored to their owners; though others, like the pictures in the Louvre, were retained with a seemingly small appearance of rightful ownership. During the latter years of Monsieur Van Praet's life (he died in 1838) the library lost in vitality, probably owing to his bibliographical talents superseding the want of a catalogue, and thus rendering literary exertion of that kind not so needful. But possibly the incentive of our own national collection opening its great reading-room in 1857, and the spread of intellectual effort in France, caused an imperial commission in 1858 to inquire into the administration of the library. This resulted in better official remuneration, a division of the collection into classes, and a recommendation for a general catalogue, with the erection of a new reading-room, or rather the addition of a second to the one already existing. The old one is open to all the world without tickets; the new, or *Salle de Travail*, for students and literary men, and obtained by special application, which is readily granted. The completion of this new room in 1869 signalised a great recent event in the library annals, and its usefulness cannot be too highly appreciated. The general plan resembles that of our British Museum reading-room, but the form is different, being a parallelogram. The reader's tables are placed in two parallel rows, leaving a passage up the middle of the room, and every table has places for ten readers on each side. The method of obtaining books is nearly identical with that in Great Russell Street, viz., tickets, on which are inscribed the reader's name, title, date, and form of the volumes he wishes to consult. There is still the one great drawback—the want of a general catalogue, and the student must trust to his own bibliographical knowledge, or to the books of references placed round the shelves; but we trust the day is not far distant when such a boon will complete the utility of this great collection.

Such is the Paris library of to-day, which, from having existed as the semi-private study of the early kings of France, has been merged into one vast storehouse of literature, has changed its title with the varied political situations, has been threatened by destruction, escaping the last Communist raid, and lives to contain treasures in art and literature, European in fame and priceless in value. Among the collection of mss. are gems which form but a setting to the brilliant circle of rarities—such as the Prayer-book of the Duke of Avignon; Hours of the Duc de Berri, Anne of Brittany, and Louis XIV; Prayer-book of Louis XIV; Psalter and Book of Hours of Charles the Bald; rare early printed books, and the different specialities of the Departments of engravings, maps, coins, and medals.

While we are musing on the rapid increase of this great library, and thinking that perhaps one million of printed books and a hundred thousand mss. would not represent its contents, the ruined walls of the Hôtel de Ville tell us that fire also touched the contents, and among them was one rarity, a beautiful missal, purchased by M. Didot for £2,200 for the library.

In walking towards the partly standing Tuilleries, we are reminded that the books here were destroyed, and though not so generally known as the other collections, yet they contained some rarities, over which once presided Monsieur Barbier, whose fame has not perished with his work of untiring labour, the "*Dictionnaire des Anonymes*."

Near the Place du Trône stands the library of the Arsenal, actually doomed by the Commune, but saved by the arrival of the Versailles troops; and we are now able to recount with thankful interest the history of this rich and singular collection of literature, and how, originally gathered for private use, it eventually became of public service. It was on his way hither that Henry IV, about to visit his minister Sully, who lived in the then palatial building, was stabbed. Some of the existing apartments are said to have formed the study and reception-rooms of Sully; and it is alleged as certain that here many of the conferences between the king and his minister took place. Decorations on the walls still exist, which recall the leading events of one of Sully's successors, the Duke of La Moignonaye.

The books originally collected by the Marquis of Paulmy, an active diplomatist and soldier, were, at the eve of the revolution, on the death of the marquis, acquired by the Count d'Artois. They were then massed with a portion of the famous library of the Duke de la Vallière, and this union became the foundation of the Arsenal Library. Specially famous for its complete collection of romances and of early French poetry, this treasure-house numbers many rare illuminated manuscripts, some of mediæval, but most of the renaissance and late periods. Such are the Comedies of Terence, the Triumphs of Petrarch, a Roman History, the Psalter of René of Anjou, all illustrated; and the more ordinarily occurring Missals, Books of Hours, and other art treasures.

The Panthéon, escaping with only a few shots from German fire, has its library intact. The collection begun by Cardinal de Rochefoucauld, Abbot of St. Geneviève, in 1624, was augmented by Archbishop Le Tellier, of Rheims, who died 1710, and has had for its librarians Du Molinet, Gillet, Mercier de St. Léger, Daunou, etc. The appearance and site of the building is so well known to all visitors as to render description needless, except to notice the interior mellow light of the cupola, and the numerous busts of some of the most illustrious characters of France arranged along the sides of the building, a custom we should better imitate on this side the channel.

The Mazarine Library recalls the name of that famous cardinal as founder, and that of Gabriel Naudé as first librarian. In 1652 the books were dispersed, then transferred to the keeping of the Sorbonne until 1688, when they were taken to their final home, the Palais de l'Institut. The features of the collection are a vast collection of rare tracts, theological and scientific works, with some early printed rarities. The libraries of the Sorbonne and the Beaux Arts are uninjured, the former the famous adjunct of the University, the latter the centralisation of all works on architecture and the fine arts. That, however, of the Palais de Justice was destroyed in the Communist fires, and 30,000 out of the 51,000 volumes have perished. The library dates from the first revolutionary time, and was gathered chiefly from books belonging to convents and other religious establishments which were declared national property. Some fine theological works were saved, a few volumes that once belonged to Cardinal Richelieu, a ms. copy of the Registers of Parliaments, together with that valuable appendage, the catalogue of the library by the late Monsieur Denevers. To a certain extent most of the great depositories of learning have escaped destruction, but time alone will re-

veal how many pages, charred and burnt, fell from the booksellers' shops in the Communist fire. And this reflection leads us to think of the authors of works, journalists, and others who were either summarily executed or made prisoners. Such a catastrophe may, we hope, never recur to Paris; and with the rebuilding of palaces and public buildings a newer and purer current of literature may displace one which was alleged to have enervated the vitality of the nation.

The prominent place among other destroyed continental libraries has been given to Strasburg, and when one sees but the crumbling walls standing which once contained a mass of literature, linked with the memories of Guttenberg, Oberlin, Schweighäuser, Herder, and Goethe, the reflection of the inability to replace the original documents is saddening indeed. The response given by English libraries, publishers, and literary men to aid in contributing suitable donations towards the nucleus of a new library has been very generous, and the donations are still forthcoming. But unique copies and first editions are not so easily replaced, and the destruction of such rarities as the mass of historical border literature of so interesting a nature as the Strasburg collection must have contained, is irreparable. The memories of the old library, too, are associated with works illustrating the important part taken by Alsations in the development of the German language and literature. The small town of Hagenau, in Alsace, may be termed the cradle of the German book-trade, and the printing-press there was very active. Strasburg itself was the scene of many typographical labours, and the district from thence to Basle teems with interesting memories of early printers, writers, and divines. In Mentelin, the printer of Schlettstadt, Pfeffel, the fabulist of Colmar, and the pastor Oberlin of Steinbach, we have but a few of those who led the literary and religious feeling of the middle ages as concerns this portion of Germany. Most of their works would have been concentrated in the public library at Strasburg, which must have served as a reflex of the thinking minds who centred round Alsace and its neighbourhood. The great religious movement of the sixteenth century was doubtless embodied in the early translations of the Bible and the valuable pamphlets and broadsheets destroyed in the siege. The libraries of the Protestant Seminary and the Gymnasium—rebuilt only four years ago—were also near, and in their ruin shared the general devastation, still to arise, we hope, equally with the once famed library, in knowledge and power, on the rebuilding of that lost storehouse of letters.

## Varieties.

**MR. EDWARD WHYMPER.**—His Majesty the King of Italy conferred upon Mr. Edward Whympier the decoration of Chevalier of the order of St. Maurice et Lazare, in recognition of the value of his recently-published work upon the Alps.

**MEDICAL BARONETRIES.**—The first member of the medical profession who is recorded to have been promoted to a baronetcy was Sir Lucas Pepys, M.D., whose title, created in 1784, is now absorbed in the Earldom of Cottenham. His elevation to the dignity was followed by that of several others in the reigns of George III and George IV; among whom we may mention the

names of Sir Francis Milman, physician to George III; Sir Walter Farquhar, physician to George IV, during the regency; Sir Henry Hallford, who was well known at the close of the last century and the beginning of this by his former name of Dr. Vaughan, and who was physician to both those sovereigns; Sir Astley Cooper, the celebrated surgeon; Sir Everard Home, Sir Matthew Tierney, and Sir William Knighton. King William IV, during the seven years of his reign, appears to have raised to the baronetage three members of the profession—viz., Sir Charles M. Clarke, Sir Benjamin Brodie, the eminent surgeon, and Sir Stephen Hammick. During the present reign the same honour has been bestowed, *inter alios*, upon the following eminent surgeons and physicians, practising in England, Scotland, or Ireland:—Sir James Clark, Sir Henry Holland, Sir Charles Locock, Sir David Corrigan, Sir Philip Crampton, Sir Thomas Watson, Sir James Y. Simpson, Sir William Lawrence (Sergeant-Surgeon to her Majesty), Sir William Jenner, Sir William Fergusson, Sir James Paget, Sir Robert Christison, and Sir William Gull.—*Times*.

**CANADA.**—The late Census shows results which, although hardly so extravagant as were anticipated by some, are yet sufficient to indicate the healthy progress of all parts of the dominion. There has been an increase on the population of 1861 of 395,265, or 12.79 per cent. The total population of the four provinces is placed at 3,484,924. The population of Prince Edward Island is 93,521, against 80,357 in 1861, an increase of 13,164, or 16.28 per cent. We have no returns from British Columbia, but the last estimate of its population was 10,496, exclusive of natives. The Indian population is variously estimated at from 30,000 to 50,000, and the Chinese number 1,947.

**CHILDREN'S TOYS.**—Not long since I read a newspaper article, in which the writer deplored that some "new toys were not invented for the children of the present day." Now, to the best of my belief, that wouldn't solve the difficulty, since the trouble is with the children, not with the toys, which were never more varied, ingenious, and abundant. Now the doll of my bib-days was a crooked-necked squash, with a towel for a dress, and a numerous progeny of little cucumbers for babies; and I was just as happy, and a great deal better contented, than the little girl of to-day, with a one-hundred-dollar Paris doll, which can say "Mamma," and turn its curly head from side to side; which has cashmere shawls and sets of jewels, and trunks full of dresses, and every luxury of fine-lady-dom in little. *We want new children invented, not new toys.* The little pampered ladies and gentlemen of the present day are not children. The poor things are not to blame for crying for the moon, when they are brought up to do so. Take off their kid gloves and velvet dresses, and give them a shingle and a mud-puddle, and you will soon see *real* children, who will pout no longer for a "new toy." If you will put nature into a hot-bed to force its growth, don't at least go whining round the world about the consequences, and placing the blame everywhere but where it belongs.—*Fanny Fern on American Children.*

**CAB-STANDS.**—Though the metropolitan cabman has not of late years enlisted much public sympathy, we cannot but feel some satisfaction that philanthropists, in pity for his exposure to many hours in wet and cold in the winter and extreme heat of summer, have interested themselves in providing him with shelter during the time he is waiting for a fare on his stand. The Westminster Board of Works have accepted the plans proposed for the erection of a shelter-house made of glass and iron for the cab-stand in Knightsbridge at the top of Sloane-street, and it will be commenced forthwith. At one end a waiting-room for the drivers, and at the other a kind of coffee-house will be provided, and thus it is hoped many of their number will be saved from the temptation, which it is almost impossible for them to resist, of continually refreshing or muddling themselves at some neighbouring public-house with beer or spirits. The cabman's life is doubtless a hard one; and as he is often but badly clad to endure rainy or cold weather, this shelter will doubtless be a great boon to him, unless—as it may be argued by another class of philanthropists—the sudden change he may experience when he gets a job will make him too susceptible of cold. The public will also be gainers by the arrangement, as it frequently happens that late in the evening and at night a driver is not to be got for some minutes, though there may be half-a-dozen or more cabs on a stand. They are in the public-houses. But our own sympathies extend to the poor horses, who, perhaps, are almost as much to be pitied as their drivers. At Liverpool the shelter-house system has been put into practice by the erection of three such edifices, with facilities provided for the men to cook their own dinners. Perhaps this movement will be extended to the metropolis.—*Globe.*